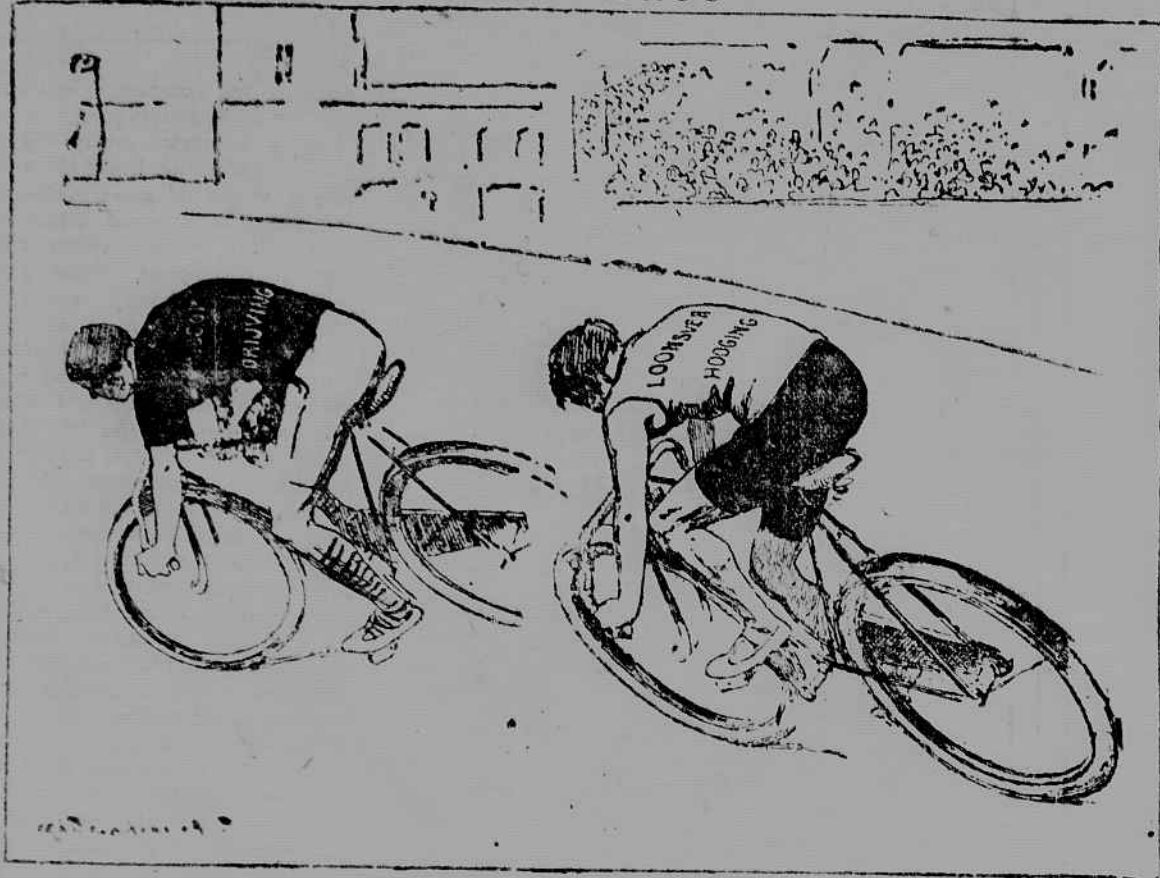


The Race



Rise in prices, rise in wages —De Amsterdamer, Amsterdam

A Picture of Berlin To-day As Its Newspapers Reveal It

THE picture of contemporary Berlin life that can be pieced together from the stories transmitted by foreign newspaper correspondents is most usefully supplemented by gleaning through the local news and advertising columns of Berlin newspapers. This method has the advantage, among others, that it illuminates not only as to what is going on, but also as to what the indigenous Berliner takes interest in, whereas the correspondents' accounts reflect Berlin life through the medium of a stranger's perception and temperament.

The outstanding items of the local action in Berlin papers deal principally with two subjects: Food, supplies in general, and criminal statistics. As concerns the first, however, the most interesting information is contained in the advertising rather than the news columns. One gains the impression that some immense cornucopia has suddenly burst open, flooding the country with an endless variety of wares, from smoked herrings to farm tractors. As a matter of fact, the import trade is just in the very first phase of its revival, and supplies received from abroad and advertised for wholesale distribution are dwindling in face of the enormous capacity of a wholly exhausted land; but still the announcement, for instance, that 400,000 kilos of raw leather can be purchased for 10 marks in Cologne—an item

more than prosaic in ordinary times—sings out to a completely de-leathered leather market with all the glorious clangor of the difference between something and nothing whatever.

These 400,000 kilos of leather, by the way, are offered by M. Renet, manager of the Mainz agency of the Société Commerciale Franco-Britannique (Paris-London). The quantity includes 15,000 green hides, just received from Rio de Janeiro. Besides leather, this company advertises "at reasonable prices and in large quantities" cotton fabrics, flannels, velvets, linings, satins, etc.; also "several large shipments of shoes, low and high, men's, women's and children's; elegant caps (sailors' and motor) caoutchouc; automobile tires; office supplies; steel pens; typewriter paper; corrugated paper; typewriter ribbons (silk); sweaters and blankets; woollen covers; coffee (525 francs per 100 kilos, f. o. b. Mainz) unroasted, A1 quality." In a word, the Société Commerciale Franco-Britannique is running a regular mammoth-scale country grocery store.

On the same page where this advertisement appears we find offers of 250,000 meters of rubber band "at very low prices"; also of 400,000 meters of rubber hose, guaranteed A1, at 3.75 marks per meter. This must sound like a message from heaven in a country where only the other day rubber nipples were com-

mandered from the babies. One Jacques Hass, of Hamburg, who states the alluring wire address Choccolatass, heralds that he has no end of smoked fish on hand, "only the best of the best, fish caught the day before sold exclusively"—which seems to indicate that the German consumer, who but yesterday regarded cabhorse sausage a banquet fit for the gods, is growing fussy again.

As to Cigarettes

The news columns may speak of a cigarette shortage, but the advertisements know better. A Dutch concern, of Rijswijk, offers 20,000,000 cigarettes, best foreign brands, in weekly shipments of two millions each, but if you want a smoke badly and think Rijswijk is too far away you may go to 16 Strassburger Strasse, and Joseph Krummer will accommodate you on the spot. In Aix-la-Chapelle, P. O. Box 111 is in a receptive mood as far as cigarette purchasers (wholesale) are concerned, but here only "English" brands, that is, the article made of the golden American leaf, are to be had.

And fats! Why, an advertising page in the "Berliner Tageblatt" looks these days like a macabre from of fats. Almost everybody is selling fats in Berlin now. All kinds—edible and for industrial use—lard and bacon, oils (olive, cottonseed, maize and what not), coconut butter, margarine, for the gour-

Foreign News and Comment

They're Short of Tobacco in Spain



The effect in Barcelona on seeing a fortunate person smoking a real cigarette

—Esquilla, Barcelona

mand, and myriads of diverse technical oils, for fuel and lubrication purposes, are on sale in "huge quantities." But, then, either these quantities are not near so huge as they look in the ads or else there must be a leak somewhere on the line between importer and consumer, for when you turn to the news section you will find the announcement that the food administration authorizes the issuance, in addition to the weekly ration of thirty grams of butter and 50 grams of lard, of an extra dose of fifty grams of margarine per person—which all told is rather less than the amount consumed daily by the average person in America.

A Crime Wave

Turning to the field of criminal statistics, it may be said that if New York or other American cities are swept by a "crime wave" in this period of general unrest Ber-

lin is simply drowned in a flood of delinquency. Murder and robbery seem to have become the rule rather than the exception, hold-up men and burglars ply their profession in broad daylight under the very windows of the police stations, and if the respectable householder gets home in the evening after his day's labors without having his pockets picked he is apt to wonder what was the matter. The Berlin newspapers are printing stories, purporting to be funny, about families returning home from a country holiday and perplexed to find their apartments unbuilt. There is a joke abroad about somebody in a boarding house answering the door bell and admitting an unfamiliar person who claims to be the plumber; half an hour later the stranger is discovered, amid general amazement, to be working in the bathroom—why, everybody was sure he must have been a sneak thief!

Besides the more primitive methods of burglary and brigandage—

the good old conservative models that never go out of fashion—a distinct novelty has appeared in the person of the prison gas operator who enters suburban homes and overcomes indignant opposition to his attempts in the field of property transfer by the apt handling of a miniature gas bomb. A whole squad of three such modernists were recently arrested in Lichterfeld, with a record of twenty successful expeditions.

Another popular process is that of the fake official who enters a home or store armed with a forged police warrant and picks things off the mantelpiece and buffet, if the host is out, or applies blackmail by threatening with arrest for hoarding, profiteering or similar offenses if the victim happens to be in. As almost everybody of the more prosperous classes has an uneasy conscience in regard to the above-mentioned transgressions, this fake warrant game has proved a veritable gold mine.



Briefs From Over The Ocean

The War After the War

CITIZENS! In a moment when Germany is still complaining about food shortage, when Switzerland still offers her hospitality to the innocent victims of the war, the undernourished German children; in this moment the Bavarian breweries receive extra supplies of malt in order to be able to resume their beer export to Switzerland and to compete successfully with the Swiss breweries which suffered so heavily during the war. Citizens! Is this right? Beer drinkers! You will know what to answer.—Berne, October, 1919. The Swiss Breweries.—Advertisement in Tagwacht, Berne.

Wonder If This Has Something To Do With the Above?

Swiss hotelkeepers have decided to raise general tariffs by 20 per cent in view of the increase of staff salaries, the shorter working hours, and the increased price of certain articles of consumption.—London Times.

The Policy of the Closed Door

In Japan no kissing is allowed in public, therefore none is allowed on the cinema, and in six months the police censors have removed 2,350 kisses from the films. Curiously enough, the objectionable films mostly come from America.—Manchester Guardian.

Yes, and if This Fails, He May Try Some Scotch

Joe—Popcorn won't tempt Sebastian; shall Bert try sweet violets?—JIMMY.—Advertisement in The London Times.

Entomology in the Balkans

Which was the greater rogue, Ferdinand of Bulgaria or Constantine of Greece, is a nice point. "Between a louse and a flea I cannot decide the precedence," as Johnson said.—London Saturday Review.

Father Thames a Strikebreaker

By the revival—due to the railway strike—of passenger traffic on the river, Father Thames is coming into his own again after a long and, as it would appear, quite unjustifiable period of neglect. That the penny steamboat service of a few years back was not adjudged a success is no excuse for neglect of the great highway of the capital. Well within living memory quite a usual way of traveling from Westminster to the City was by water. But that modern craze for speed doubtless was largely responsible for the abandonment of this mode.—London Globe.

The Leisure Class

Bored individual with small car, small income, no occupation, desires companion, perhaps disabled.—Padd. 4,636, or Box B.5,272, 380, Oxford Street, W.—Advertisement in The London Times.

Literally

According to a telegram to "Messagers" a few days ago five airmen, all officers, left the camp of Bolzano and flew over with their military airplanes to d'Annunzio. No doubt this is what one calls going over with flying colors.—London New Witness.

Remove That Thorn



Uncle Sam: "Come on, John, we're all ready for the start."

John: "I'm not!"

—Evening News, London

Wishing Him on the Polar Bears

We have never joined the "Hang the Kaiser" crowd, believing that if William were tried by any forms of law known to Western nations he would probably be acquitted or dismissed with a reprimand. But it is a little too much that this man who has contributed so largely to the ruin of the world should be allowed to settle down comfortably in Holland. Why not send him to Spitzbergen?—London Saturday Review.

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The Rookie's Trilemma

He was a Highland recruit of Calvinistic extraction and with a somewhat amorous disposition; and for the third time in one evening he had been detected attempting to climb the barrack wall which separated him from the outer world.

"Noo look ye here, I'm tellin' ye," said the sentry, "gin I fin' ye at this game again, I'll pit a hole through yer carcase. I'll leave ye as deid as a doornail, d'ye understand?"

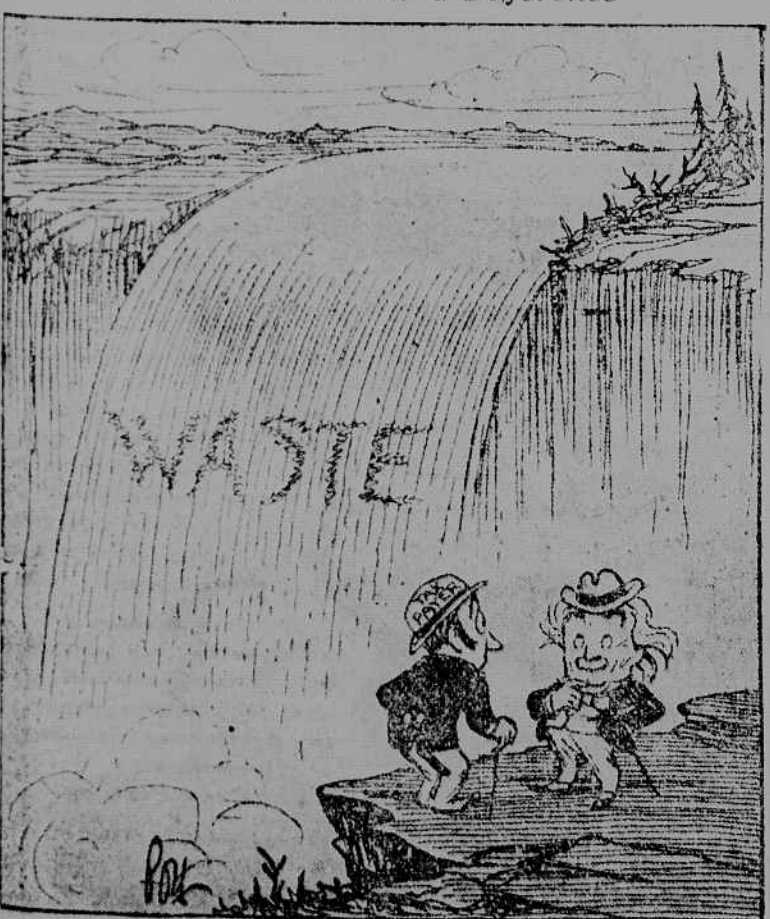
"Ay, I understand," answered the rookie, "but look ye here, fac. I'm a mither in heaven an' a father in the ither place, an' I've a lazin' to do toon. An' I'm set on seein' ane or the ither o' them this nicht. An' ye, mabbe, ye understand!"—London Globe.

No Wild Ones Need Apply

Professional man, engaged all day, out a good deal, seeks domesticated gentlewoman to take entire charge of maisonnette near Sloane Street; help in rougher work if needed. H. care of Greens, 120 Chancery Lane, Fleet Street.—Advertisement in London Times.

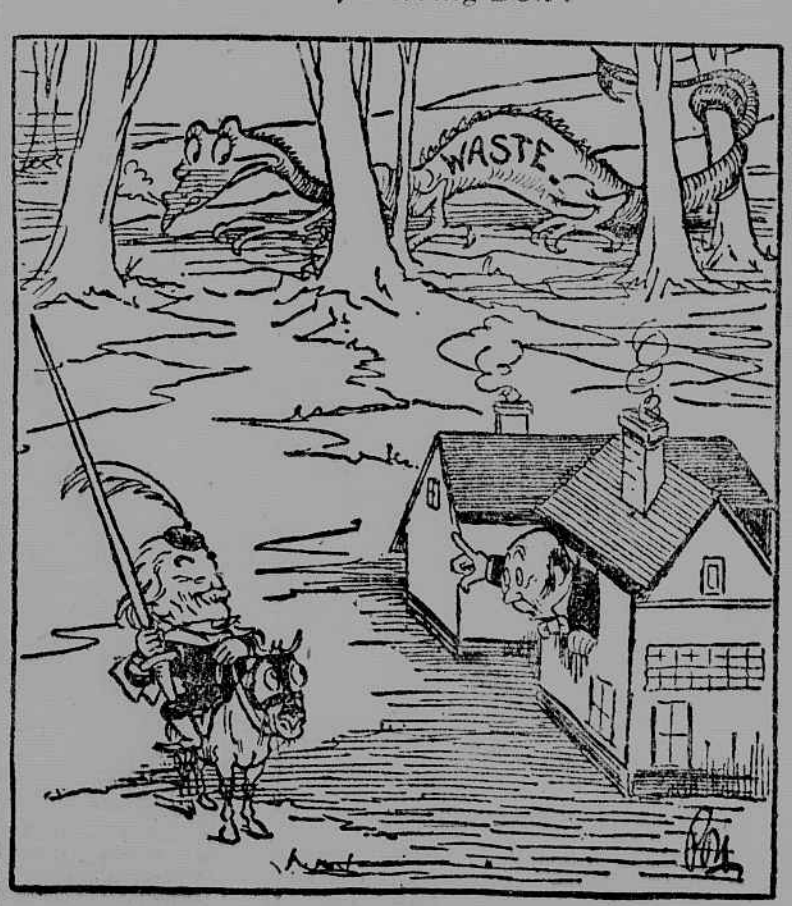
They're Waging a War On Waste in England

A Distinction With a Difference



David: "No, I haven't exactly dammed it yet, but I never hesitate to condemn it!"

Deeds of Derring Don't



John: "Haven't you killed the dragon yet?"
George: "No, but I've given it such a look!"

That Trusty Blade



Executioner: "Admiring the bloodstains, eh?"
John: "Bloodstains? It looks to me more like rust."

Cartoons From The Evening News, London